Supernatural, Gabriel/Crowley, early morning grumbling

PG-13, fluff (as much as it could be fluff and still be IC) and overall I like it. It involves a sleeping demon!

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Gabriel, need it or not, enjoyed resting in a bed. Sometimes. Usually if he had another warm body to curl up against while they were sleeping.

Crowley, on the other hand, despised sleep. He despised the fact that he needed to take at least a few hours here and there to keep his vessel from getting weak. He'd once tried going without the rest, but shaky hands weren't good for any of the aspects of his work.

So he put up with it, and had invested in the most comfortable bed he could find and then in the best protective measures he could put together.

His latest protective measure was the archangel Gabriel. Granted, that had little bit had come by on accident, but it was a benefit.

(Crowley opened his eyes and froze. A warm body pressed to his back. A nose against his neck. A hand draped over his side.

Gabriel.

"I told you to leave after we were done," Crowley hissed.

"You're alive, aren't you?)

Well, mostly a benefit. Either way it was worth it. Crowley could tick off the benefits on his fingers, and often did so mentally to prevent evisceration upon being woken up in cruel and creative ways.

("Mmrrph." Crowley grunted. He didn't want to wake up. But there was this tongue. In his ear. He had to protest. "Grroff."

"Aww, who's a sleepy demon?" Gabriel cooed, too cheerful for the hour.)

The benefits were these: Hot, inventive sex beforehand, sleep for Crowley, and a warm body for Gabriel to cuddle up next to while he rested. Or meditated. Or whatever he wanted to do that night.

("If I wake up to cookie crumbs in the sheets again, I'm throwing you out."

"Can I still make the towers?" The towers, of course, were made of ice cream sandwiches and placed on the flattest spot of Crowley available at the moment.

"Do it and die."

Gabriel wasn't entirely sure that he wasn't joking. Still, the next time he made the towers he used a touch of power to keep Crowley warm.)

Crowley justified the cuddling with the guarantee that Gabriel would smite anything that threatened Crowley while he was sleeping.

("Is that...a smoking corpse by my dresser?"

"Maybe. Go back to sleep."

Crowley rolled his eyes and obliged, glad that Gabriel wasn't demanding a thank you.

If he put an arm over Gabriel's side when he went back to sleep, neither one of them commented on it.)

So, yes. It was their little arrangement, the sleeping business. It fit in nicely with the hot sex arrangement and the occasional helping-each-other-out arrangement.

("I won't tell anyone about this if you won't." Gabriel said.

"Deal." Crowley said. He looked expectant.

"You're honestly expecting me to -"

"It's a deal. You know how this works."

"...if my soul goes missing, those won't be cookie crumbs in the sheets next time."

"Oh stop stalling and kiss me." Crowley said, exasperated, and dragged Gabriel in for a firm kiss.)